

# Safe Cracking

His rage is now in the doing  
can't be seen.  
He's bent to this act  
of insecurity.  
Shadows all around.  
His face is almost hidden.  
Angular, sharp lines, crescents.  
Wolve's eyes, what little you can see  
when they look.

Sanded fingertips  
for a woman and this vault.  
Pain, even, in the slow turning,  
tumble, combinations.  
The tick and feel, shape inside  
a clockwork maze of security.

Machine machine machination  
machinimagine a nation  
machined against imagination.

Slavery slavering slavering  
to fit in like a key  
to a safe to a safe  
safe safe safe life.

A machine entering the mind  
like a thief, cracking.

The safe holds plans for further sleep.  
How to do this.  
Who knows but is afraid to speak.  
Who can be bribed with honour, comfort.  
Who can say  
assuredly the thing that is said  
again and again, believe.  
Who will say  
it's somewhere else,  
that we are safe,  
that we are not hypocrites,

that we are free.  
Ah, to dream such dreams of security.  
He pains with fingertips  
law's tumble, silence, shadow all around.  
The la la la of law opening,  
Opening, cracking down  
on either side, tumbling  
toward the lock's last double  
*think thunk*

It's done. His animal eyes brighten,  
he grins, grips the bar,  
jerks it down—

a sound like a cell slamming shut  
echoes through the corridors.  
The vault swings open, well-oiled,  
wide to the moonlight from a window  
and he stares now fiercely into emptiness.

Nothing? Nothing. Empty? Nothing.  
He blinks in disbelief.

And just before the sirens shriek alarm,  
the flashing lights begin  
and the vault slams shut,  
he sees himself  
grotesquely mirrored on the shelf  
distorted almost out of recognition  
in this harsh play of moonlight and metal,  
angry, punitive, dark.

The law descends, lawless.

